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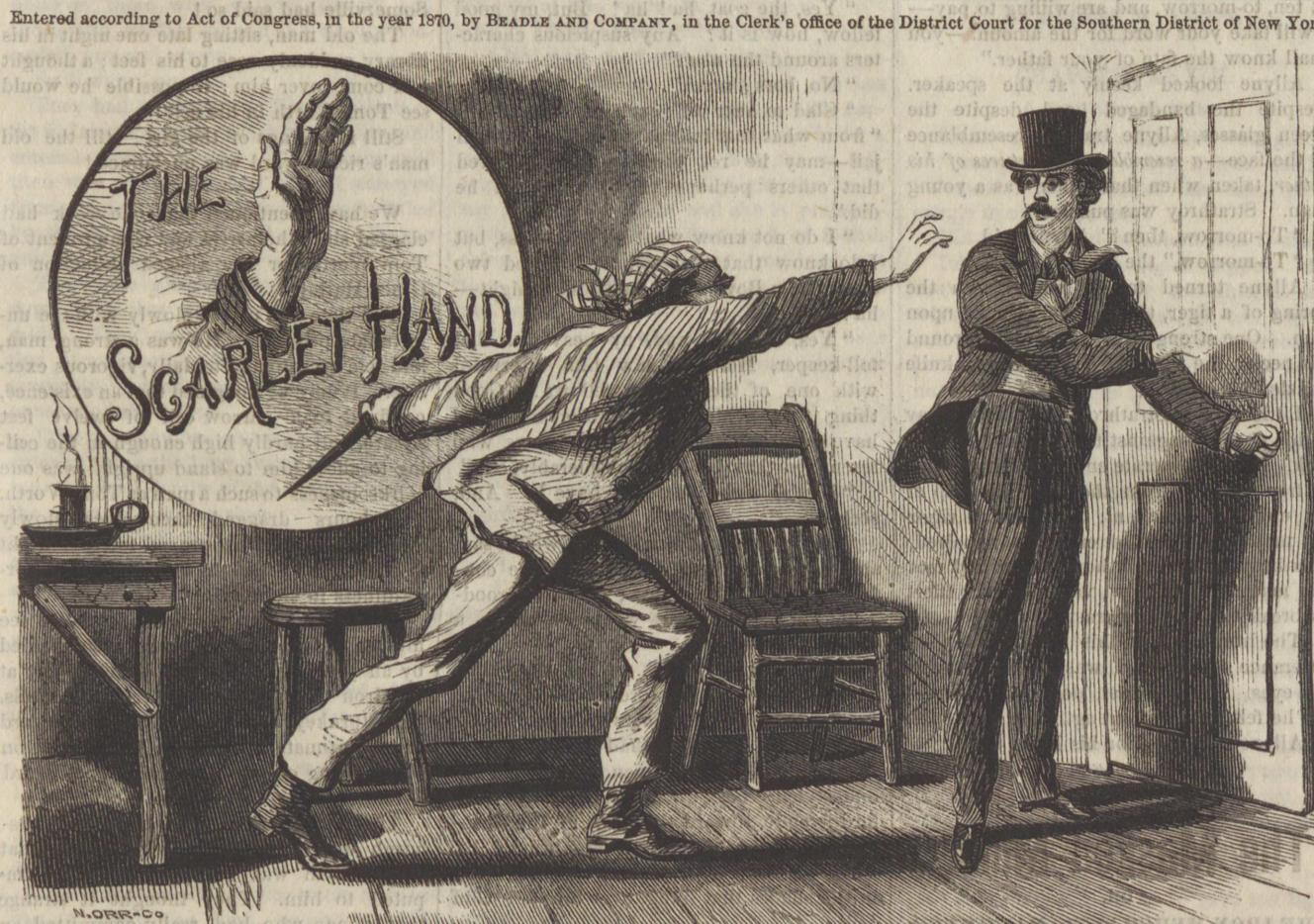
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ALLYNE TURNED TO GO, WHEN WITH THE SPRING OF A TIGER, THE STRANGER LEAPED UPON HIM.

THE SCARLET HAND; OR, Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

The Orphan
Hearths and New York Homes.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

BROADWAY AT NINE O' THE NIGHT.

A CLEAR, calm evening in the month of March, in the year of our Lord, 1870.

In a doorway on Broadway, near the corner of Leonard street, sat a man. The bells had just rung out nine on the night-air, and the great highway, below Canal street, was almost deserted.

The man, who sat shivering—for the night-air was chill and cut him to the bone—in the doorway, was thinly and shabbily clad in a rusty black suit, worn threadbare, the white scarf, carefully stained black with ink, as if the wearer desired to conceal his poverty and appear as much like a gentle man as possible. A crushed and battered felt hat was adjusted carefully upon his head, in what he evidently conceived to be a rakish and jaunty fashion. A pair of wretched boots, that hardly kept his feet from the cold pavements, completed his dress.

The frock coat, buttoned tightly to the throat, told of the absence of clean linen; while his pale, thin face showed want and misery as plainly as his shabby dress.

One would have judged the man to have been thirty-five or forty years old.

That pallid face would have excited attention even in a crowd. Singularly white in hue, it yet gleamed with a rare intelligence, and was framed, as it were, by jet-black curls, hanging down in little straggling ringlets. A thin mustache and imperial adorned the upper lip and chin. A pair of great gray eyes, that looked black a dozen paces off—eyes that now shone like balls of fire so wildly did they gleam—were windows to a soul of rare inspiration, whose owner looked like a gentleman despite the seedy dress and rough, unshaven face; but the lines about the handsome mouth—the weak, wavering lines—spoke plainly of an irredeemable will.

The man was a wreck—a temporary wreck both physically and mentally. The heaven-gifted genius that should have led him on to fame had proved his ruin.

The name by which the world knew him was Edmund Mordaunt. By profession an actor, he had achieved the laurel wreath and had been deemed worthy to wear the mantle of Kemble or Kean. But prosperity and friends were too much for him. He yielded to the siren of Drink; the Spirit of Wine had touched his veins with its fatal fire. Step by step he went down the social ladder, until at last he found himself an outcast and beggar! Vainly had scheming caterers for the public—anxious to secure the dollars that his genius was sure to attract—tried to keep him from the cup that had proved his ruin. All efforts resulted in failure, and one by one friends deserted the inebriate and left him to wallow in the mire where their hands had helped to place him.

So that on that chill March night Edmund Mordaunt found himself sitting on Broadway, shivering in the cold, and without a single penny in the world wherewith to appease hunger and thirst. Food had not

passed his lips for four and twenty hours. Vainly had he sought his former applauding friends, who, when his handsome, manly figure graced the boards of the theater, and the wondrous poetry of Avon's Bard came in liquid music from his lips, were wild in their enthusiasm, but turned in disgust from the thin-faced and sunken-eyed beggar who prayed for food. It is the way of the world.

"Poor Tom's a cold!" muttered the shivering man, folding his arms tightly around his body as though to impart warmth by the action. "I wonder where I'm going to sleep to-night? 'To die—to sleep; perchance to dream,'" and a deep sigh came from the weary soul of the wretched outcast.

"Will anybody give me ten cents to save my life?" he cried, suddenly, extending his arms as if addressing an audience. "Oh, my head feels queer," he muttered, with a long groan, letting his head fall upon his bosom. Then he passed his hand, nervously, across his brow. "Ah! I wonder if I'm going to have the tems again? I don't see any snakes, but I feel sick—sick. Ay, sick of life!"

"Life!" cried the wreck, with a bitter, cynical laugh, that rang out shrilly on the night-air. "It isn't life—it's living death to him who has the demon of drink ever at his side. Drink—drink—give me drink!" he cried, in tones full of the pathos of despair. "Oh, God, deliver me from this curse!" he wailed, his thin white hands held pleading up to heaven. "To-night I condescended to beg from a stranger, and was spurned as a drunken brute. He was a nice, black, curly-haired chap, though dressed like a coal-heaver. I'll never forget his face as long as I live. A handsome fellow, but a devil. I'll swear it by his eyes—those windows to the soul. Oh! I'd give any thing for food and a drink."

"I'm burning up inside; this thirst is killing me. I could swallow liquid fire. Oh! my head!"

The footsteps of a man coming down Broadway fell upon the ears of the miserable creature. "Here comes somebody!" he muttered; "shall I try once more? It's only a refusal, and I've failed so low that my pride ought to be all gone now. Yes, I'll try. I must have liquor or I shall go mad."

Mordaunt rose to his feet, but staggered from weakness, and but for the friendly support of the wall would have fallen.

"I'm about done for. I shall pass here about an hour ago, dressed roughly in a pea-jacket and a black slouch hat."

"No," said the stranger, astonished at the question.

"Am I going mad?" cried the actor, in bewilderment. "Sir, as I stood here, an hour ago, I begged assistance from a man that passed, and who spoke to me harshly and went on. That man had your face—your hair—your eyes—your voice; he was your living image. Have you a twin brother?"

Then the wreck advanced and met the stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for accosting you in this manner," said the outcast, touching his hat with graceful politeness; "but I am in want—in great want. Can you oblige me with a loan? If it's only ten cents, sir, I shall be grateful."

The stranger paused. The rays of the gas-

"this man had your very movements, even. Can I have dreamed all this? Are my brains all burnt-up by liquor?"

"It is possibly your fancy," said the young man. "What is your name?"

"Edward Mordaunt."

"I shall remember. By the way, isn't this Leonard street here?" and the stranger pointed to the corner.

"Yes."

"How many streets down to Baxter?"

"Baxter is the third street."

"Good-night."

The young man turned into Leonard street and disappeared.

The actor stood as one in a maze.

"What can a gentleman like that want in Baxter street—the worst hole in all New York—at this hour of the night? Ah!"

And Mordaunt started as a thought flashed into his mind. "The other—his walking image—turned down Leonard street; that is, if I am not mad or have not dreamed it. Can these two men have any thing in common—the one who has treated me like a dog? Something tells me to follow this man—that he is in danger. He is a stranger to this locality, that is certain. No stranger is safe, alone, in the shadows of Baxter. Can it be that he is being lured into danger? Either I am mad or else my excited mind sees things with spiritual clearness, and I feel that there is a shadow hovering over that man's footsteps. A shadow—a shadow!

and I take the shape of his own image that passed this same way an hour ago. No, I'm not crazed. I feel that my generous friend is walking into a snare. Shall I not follow? Ay, but what can I, with my shattered nerves and trembling limbs, do to aid that friend if he shall need it? Do? Why, I am strong! Mordaunt is himself again when duty and humanity call! I'll follow and be his good shadow, though all the devils of Baxter street shrieked "Away!" in my ears."

The actor thrust the bill into his pocket, and looked at the card that the young man said bore his address. On it, in a bold, manly hand, was written:

ALLYNE STRATHROY,

No. 268 FIFTH AVENUE.

"Strathroy," muttered Mordaunt to himself, as he hurried onward down Leonard street toward Elm; "it is a Scotch name—it is not familiar to me."

CHAPTER II.

THE STRATHROY MYSTERY.

"The devil you have!" exclaimed the Slasher in amazement.

"Yes," replied the other. "I found out all about her. She is an orphan and engaged to be married."

"Well, that blocks your little game."

"No, it aids it."

Duke looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"I don't understand!"

"Very likely, but I do," returned the young man. "I have a plan in my head that is the scheme of a madman, and yet I am going to attempt it. It is so bold that none but a madman can succeed."

"And are you mad?" said the Slasher, not able to comprehend the strange words of his companion.

"Yes, at present; mad with love's frenzy," replied the young man.

"Well, I can't make head or tail of what you've been saying," said the puzzled shoulder-hitter.

"Very likely. As I have said, a madman alone could form the plan that I am about to attempt to carry out; so a madman alone could guess it."

"Well, anyway, I shall know whether you succeed or fail."

"No, you are wrong," replied the other; "no one in this world will know it—not even the girl herself."

Duke began to think that his companion had gone mad in reality.

"How can you marry the girl—cos I spose that's what you're after—without her knowing that you do marry her?" he asked.

"That is my secret. But, I tell you, John Duke, that if my plan succeeds, I, the child of chance, the outcast, will marry this girl, and yet she herself will not know that she marries James Kidd, the rough of Baxter street."

"Mighty little 'rough' there is about you," said Duke.

"I may puzzle wiser heads than yours, Duke, before I get through with this work," said the young man, coldly. "I am tired of my present life. It is too petty, low, circumscribed for me. I am capable of better things. I mean to rise in the world, and shall not hesitate as to the means, even though I reden my path with blood. I was not born for little things."

Cold as ice was the tone of the speaker, but fierce was the determination expressed therein.

Duke—ruffian, blood-stained villain, as he was—felt a thrill of horror come over him, as he looked upon the gleaming eyes of the man before him.

"He's a devil—a very devil!" Duke muttered to himself, in an undertone. "But he'll do what he says, that I know."

"By the way, Duke, you mentioned a certain person the other day, that I should like to know more of; this Allyne Strathroy. You told me that his father disappeared some twenty-two years ago, and has never been heard of since. You also said that you knew why he had disappeared."

"So I do," said Duke; "I know all about it, and if it hadn't been for me, Clinton Strathroy—that's the name of this Allyne's father—would probably be in New York, alive, to-day."

"Yes, you stabbed him in the open street twenty-three years ago, for which crime you were sent to Sing Sing for five years," said Kidd, slowly.

"That's true; but as my services were ex-

tremely valuable in a certain election, my political friends got me pardoned out after serving a year. But, how did you know 'bout that affair? You were a kid then?"

"Oh, jist for greens!" observed the Slasher, in astonishment.

"I read the account in an old file of the *Herald*. It stated that the assault was caused by some personal quarrel between you and this Clinton Strathroy."

"I'll tell you all about it," said Duke, after a moment's thought. "In 1846 I was quite a young fellow. I was a butcher-boy by trade, but I didn't do much work, 'cos I liked to loaf around the engine-houses better, or to go off on a *tear* with the boys. I had a sister just eighteen years old, an' she was just as pretty a gal as a man would want to look at. She tended in a fancy goods store on the Bowery. In some way this Clinton Strathroy got acquainted with her. He pretended to love her, and she—poor, foolish child—thought that this wealthy Fifth-avenue 'blood' meant honest by her. Just at this time I had to leave New York, 'cos in a little rumpus at the fire in the Bowery, I pretty near killed a policeman, an' I had to get out of the way until the affair blew over. When I came back to New York, Lizzie—that was my sister's name—had disappeared. I hunted for her high and low, for Lize was the only one in this world that I cared two cents for. But I couldn't find her. I found out, of course, that this Clinton Strathroy had been making love to her. I had a suspicion that he knew where she was, so I went to his house on Fifth avenue, but he was not at home. Then I felt sure that he had something to do with Lizzie's going away. I kept a close watch upon this man's house. For a whole year he was away from New York; then he returned, bringing a wife with him—a Southern gal—that he had just married. Then for the first time I began to think that perhaps I had wronged him in regard to my sister. But, about six months after that time, I was down on the docks one day, when a Charlestion steamer landed, and from the steamer, carrying a baby in her arms, came Lizzie. It was the old story. This Clinton Strathroy had persuaded her to run away with him. They had been married by some minister here in New York. She had forgotten the name and the place where she had been married, and Strathroy had kept the marriage-certificate—that is, if there ever was such a thing, 'cos I thought all the while that she had been gulled by a mock-marriage. After the marriage he had taken her down South. There the child was born, a boy. After the birth of the child, Strathroy began to treat her coldly, and at last, one day, he told her that it was all over between them—that she was not lawfully his wife—and then he deserted her. She managed, at last, to beg her way to New York. After she told me how she had been treated by this man, I went for him—met him on Broadway, and stabbed him on sight. For that I was arrested and sent to Sing Sing. Strathroy recovered. I had put my sister in comfortable lodgings in Hester street, but while I was in prison she died—died of a broken heart. I sent for her baby and made arrangements to have it looked after in Sing Sing village—boarded with a woman there. It was a pretty little blue-eyed baby."

"After being in Sing Sing a year, I was pardoned out. I came to New York to close up the old account, for I had sworn in open court that I'd kill Clinton Strathroy, and I meant to do it. But he, hearing that I had been pardoned, and I suppose feeling pretty sure that I would be as good as my word, left the city and has never been heard of since."

"And what became of the child?" Kidd asked.

"I don't know. After I came to the city to settle with Clinton Strathroy, and found that he'd run away, I went back to Sing Sing to get the baby, and there I found neither woman nor child. Both had gone. The woman had stolen the baby and left it.

"A strange circumstance."

"Yes, and from that day to this I never have heard a single word 'bout either," said the Slasher. "But, I'll tell you the queerest thing about the whole affair. My sister's baby was baptized in Charleston, South Carolina, by the name of Allyne Strathroy—Allyne was his father's name—and Strathroy's son by his wife here was also called Allyne Strathroy. So, you see, there's two Allyne Strathroys in the world, somewhere, and I've often thought that it would be funny if these two Allynies should meet, and the first Allyne avenge upon the second the wrong that has been done his mother; and, mind you, neither of the two knowing that they are half-brothers."

"About as likely to happen as for two Sundays to come together," said Kidd.

"Exactly; but as queer things as that do happen sometimes."

"By the way, John, I expect a caller, and if you've settled all about the election affair?" Kidd said.

"Yes, all right. Good-night," and the Slasher left the room, leaving Kidd to his own fearful thoughts.

CHAPTER III.
STEALING A LIFE.

MORDAUNT, keenly alive and interested in the case before him, and which his imagination had invested with momentous interest, followed close on the heels of Allyne Strathroy, almost forgetful of the dreadful thirst that had driven him to become a beggar that night.

Strathroy turned into Baxter street, and paused for a moment, as if uncertain how to proceed. Then, after examining the

number of the house before which he stood, he turned to the left. A few steps on he paused before the door of a small wooden house, and after feeling in vain for a bell-knob, he rapped loudly on the door.

A few seconds the door was opened and Allyne entered the house. The door closing after, hid him from the eyes of the actor, who, on the other side of the street, concealed in the shadow of a doorway, was watching him with eager eyes.

"Well, that's a nice-looking sort of a crib for a gentlemanly-looking young fellow like this one to visit. What on earth can bring him to this sweet-smelling locality?" mused Mordaunt, as he surveyed the building into which the young man had gone.

"It's all dark; no light or sign of life there," he continued. "Since I've come so far, 'pricked to' by foolish honesty and love, I'll stay here until he comes out—that is, if he does come out. And if this is any sort of a trap into which he has fallen, he can't be put out of the way without some little noise, which I'll be apt to hear. I don't often take fancies for men; I've learned too much of the world for that; but this man is a man by whom I can swear, and I'll stand by him as by my own life. I'll watch!"

So Mordaunt seated himself in a doorway and remained with his eyes intently fixed upon the mysterious-looking building opposite.

After the Slasher had departed, James Kidd paced rapidly up and down the little room for a minute or two, apparently in deep thought. His steps were noiseless, and resembled more the stealthy tread of the tiger creeping in upon its prey than the firm step of a human being.

"Will he come?" he muttered, as he paused, and for a moment listened as seeking an answer to his question from the silence of the night. "And if he does come," he continued in his musing, "shall I?" There was a fearful meaning in the obscure question.

Then the young man set his teeth firmly together and struck the table, lightly, with his clenched hand.

"Yes, be it for good or evil. If it gives Blanche Maybury into my arms, or gives my neck to the hangman's noose, I will do it! Some invisible power is leading me on. Is it Fate, or is it the Original Sin, which the ministers say, is born in us?"

Kidd went to the bed, and, turning down the covering, drew from beneath the pillow a long, narrow dagger. It was an Italian stiletto, keen and sharp as a razor. It had been ground down until it was hardly half an inch in width, although some eight inches in length.

Thoughtfully, the young man ran his finger over the edges of the knife.

"This it was which the Italian burglar used when he stabbed the policeman. A single blow, and death came instantly."

The muscles of the hardened face seemed to deaden into stone as he spoke the words. Involuntarily, as it were, his fingers closed about the handle of the deadly-looking weapon.

"It must be a single blow, and that sure. No noise—no violence; and then—then an effort which will require all my mind—all my nerve. I'll risk it!" And having come to this conclusion, Kidd placed the knife carefully in an inside pocket in his coat.

"And what became of the child?" Kidd asked.

"I don't know. After I came to the city to settle with Clinton Strathroy, and found that he'd run away, I went back to Sing Sing to get the baby, and there I found neither woman nor child. Both had gone. The woman had stolen the baby and left it.

"Does Mr. Williams reside here?" asked Strathroy.

"Yes," answered the man, in a somewhat hoarse voice.

Strathroy started. He felt sure that he had heard the voice before, somewhere; and the impression came upon him that the man was trying to disguise his voice.

"I received a note from this Mr. Williams requesting me to call here this evening about nine, as he had some information to give me in regard to a certain matter."

"Yes, sir; I understand. Will you walk upstairs?" And the man turned and led the way through the entry. Strathroy followed, keeping, however, a wary eye upon the movements of the person before him, and quietly drawing from his pocket a little revolver, which he carried in his hand ready for use at the slightest sign of danger.

Allyne was a New Yorker, and knew full well the character of the locality in which he was. He did not intend to be led into a trap and slaughtered like a blind puppy. But, the man went straight onward, up the little, crooked stairs, and into a small room at the head of the landing. This room was plainly furnished, and by a single candle.

As Strathroy entered the circle of light, he carelessly slid his revolver into the side-pocket of his overcoat, still keeping his hand upon it, ready for instant action should occasion demand it.

"Sit down, sir," said the stranger, after they had entered the room. Again the voice sounded familiar to Allyne; it seemed almost like an echo of his own.

"Have you the letter, sir?" asked the man, after Allyne had sat down.

"Yes, here it is," said Allyne, laying it upon the table.

"You were not afraid to come here, at this hour?" questioned the stranger.

"No," replied Allyne; "I am armed," and he drew the revolver from his pocket, then slid it back again, "you see. Besides, I haven't a single cent upon my person. My watch, rings, etc., are all at home. So that if the design was to plunder me, you would be foiled."

"I merely asked the question for information, that is all," replied the man, while a strange light gleamed in the dark-blue eyes that the green glasses hid. "I am Mr. Williams. I wrote that letter, telling you that I could give you information in regard to the fate of your father, Clinton Strathroy, who so mysteriously disappeared twenty-two years ago. But, I have failed in one important point and can not say any thing to-night. If you will come here at ten to-morrow, and are willing to pay—I will take your word for the amount—you shall know the fate of your father."

Allyne looked keenly at the speaker. Despite the bandaged head, despite the green glasses, Allyne traced a resemblance in the face—a resemblance to pictures of his father, taken when that father was a young man. Strathroy was puzzled.

"To-morrow, then?" Allyne said.

"To-morrow," the man repeated.

Allyne turned to go, when, with the spring of a tiger, the stranger leaped upon him. One strong arm was wound around his neck; the flash of a keen-edged knife dazzled his eyes.

Little use was Strathroy's revolver—away in his pocket—against this unlooked-for attack. With desperate energy, Allyne strove to free himself from the iron-like grip of his unknown assailant. In the full vigor of manhood, with strength unimpaired, Strathroy, before this hour, never had met his master; but, now, vain was his effort to break the vice-like grasp of his foe.

The iron hand on his throat stifled his utterance; the steel was flashing before his eyes. With a last, desperate effort—for he felt that his strength was going fast—Allyne struggled for his life.

(To be Continued.)

The Masked Miner:

OR,

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIDNIGHT WHISPERS.

NIGHT gloomed down over the place; the city lay quiet—sleeping beneath the heavy pall of darkness, and its own constantly overhanging clouds of soot and smoke.

It had been an eventful day in this city of iron and coal—the day just passed; and in certain circles an excitement was created, seldom witnessed.

The main incidents of this singular case of abduction may still be remembered by many worthy denizens of the Smoky Town; and to the author's certain knowledge—for we have seen him recently—the estimable alderman before whom Tom Worth had his preliminary examination, is to-day living.

Of course such court cases, nevertheless, occur daily in all of our great cities, but they are quickly decided, and are rapidly and speedily forgotten. The ripple on the surface of society, they may create, gradually, may oftenest, rapidly, trembles away toward the shores, and is lost amid the wavelets that fret and break upon the margin of the life-sea.

So it may be of the incidents in the tale we are weaving. We have chosen it from among several—have dignified it, and given it prominence and importance. Of course, attention will be drawn to it, and there may be some, or many, who will cavil at its truthfulness, and doubt the authenticity of the case as we have recorded it.

To such we will simply say, consult the criminal annals of the city for that particular twelve months—only ten years since—and you will find the case. Of course, we have changed it in some particulars, to suit our purpose; but you can find it, and the good-natured clerk of the court, for a small fee, will allow you to sit in his large, musty office on Grant's Hill, and look over the record to your heart's content. We have simply "varnished" the tale, in accordance with the privilege of authordom, but we have not obscured its truth thereby.

Well, then, it was night over the city, and the worthy (and unworthy) denizens of the place were for the most part wrapped in slumber, some perhaps dreaming of gold, others of approaching happiness; others, perhaps, of the singular trial witnessed that day at Alderman March's office, on Penn street, and the very strange conduct on the part of Tom Worth, "the poor miner," as he was generally spoken of.

That night, about eleven o'clock, a man stood at the corner of Bedford avenue and Fulton street; he had just reached the intersection of the two streets, and then stood there, looking around him in every direction, as if undecided which way to go, whether on up the avenue, or out into the street, and thence to the summit of Cliff Hill.

As Strathroy entered the circle of light, he carelessly slid his revolver into the side-pocket of his overcoat, still keeping his hand upon it, ready for instant action should occasion demand it.

"Sit down, sir," said the stranger, after they had entered the room. Again the voice sounded familiar to Allyne; it seemed almost like an echo of his own.

"Have you the letter, sir?" asked the man, after Allyne had sat down.

"Yes, here it is," said Allyne, laying it upon the table.

ed at all times; now it was deserted and desolate. The man hastily thrust his hand in his bosom, and backed himself up against the embankment, as if to let the other pass.

The man who was coming up, evidently from the not very distant Boyd's Hill, had seen the other as he stood at the corner of the two streets; but he did not hesitate. He continued straight on, turned into Bedford avenue, and was hurrying down the steep descent, when he was suddenly halted by the motionless one. He stopped short in his walk, and with a light laugh turned back.

"Ah, my fine fellow; I was sure it was you, and walked by to try you, to see if you would know your boss!"

"I did not indeed know you, boss, until I saw that long coat; then I would have sworn 'twas you."

"Yes, the coat, ha! ha! But, my good fellow, how is it? Any suspicious characters around the nest?"

"No, boss; none."

"Glad to hear it!" exclaimed the other;

"from what that infernal scoundrel, now in jail—may he rot there!—said, I feared that others perhaps might think as he did."

"I do not know what he said, boss, but I do know that that fellow followed two others from Boyd's Hill on Tuesday night—ha! ha!"

"Yes, he did; and, by heavens! that toll-keeper, Markley, saw him afterward with one of these same fellows! Good thing that evidence of Markley's; but, I have seen several men, certainly one, who resembled that jail-bird considerably, eh?"

"You're right, boss; so have I! And, perhaps—"

"Yes, you, I know what you would say, and here, my fine fellow, is a purse containing gold. 'Tis yours; and now good-night!" These words were spoken in a significant tone.

"Good-night, boss," replied the other, and without a word more of this singular, incoherent conversation, which despite the loneliness of the place, had been carried on in a half-whisper, the men separated—the one styled "boss," continuing down Bedford avenue, toward the heart of the sleeping city; the other turning abruptly off from the same avenue, and was soon lost in the shades that hung over the tall Cliff Hill.

Tom Worth sat on a low stool one long hour after his incarceration; but he was suddenly aroused by the key grating and creaking in the lock, and then the cell door was opened. One of the jailer's underlings appeared, luging after him a huge bundle of bed-clothing.

"An old man brought this for you," he said, in a kind tone, "and we allowed him to leave it. Here is a note, also, which he sent; we have examined it, and you are allowed to receive it." So saying the man spread out the bundle of coverlets and comforters, and gave the miner the blurred and blotched note.

In a moment he was gone.

Tom Worth opened the note, and his big heart throbbed. His eyes filled with tears as he read the few, rudely written lines:

"DEAR, DEAR BOY:

I thought you might be cold to-night, my poor Tom, and so I have sent you your cover. I will also say, my dear boy, that I am awful lonesome without you, and that I have cried like a calf about you, Tom; and, Tom, I will pray to God for your safety.

"Your friend till death,

B. W."

The hours sped on; and still Tom Worth thought not of lying down. Eleven o'clock, and then twelve o'clock struck, and the prisoner arose.

"Very good, sir. I simply wished to make certain notes in this case of mine. You know, sir, that I am to be tried, and—"

"Your voice faltered—"I am a poor man, and can engage no lawyer. I must make an effort and defend myself."

For a moment the jailer looked at him.

"You shall have paper and ink," he at length said, in a low voice, "and, Tom, mention it to nobody else—why, though a poor man myself, and with children to feed, yet—why, you see that—well, Tom, in a word, I can let you have fifty dollars. Lawyer Cochrane is a whole-souled man, and he'll defend you for that," and the jailer, as he jingled the heavy keys in the lock, looked at the prisoner again.

"May God bless you and yours, my good friend!" said Tom Worth, as a tear stood in his eye. "I hope the day may yet come when I can tell you how much I am indebted to you. But I'll not take the money. Keep it, my good fellow, for your children, and again may God bless you and them!"

On the next day—that is the fourth day after his arrest—Tom Worth was startled to hear the bolts of his prison-door rattle in the lock. The door was opened. In another moment he was locked in the embrace of Ben Walford.

"I've come, Tom, come at last," said the old man

hours pass lonesomely in my cabin at night without you; and now! ah! how sorrowful the wind moans over the mountain, to me, all alone! But, good-by, Tom; good-by and may God bless you!"

Then the old miner was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT COMPACT AND A WIND-WAIF.

NIGHT once more had fallen upon Pittsburgh. The lamps were lit in the smoky streets, and the bell from the neighboring spire had struck nine o'clock. The thoroughfares and avenues were a deserted look. There were but few persons yet stirring abroad, for the air was chilly and wet, and grates, furnaces and fire-places made it more pleasant to court the comforts of indoors. Despite the chilliness of the night, however, there were *walkers* abroad, and those who, muffled up and thoroughly concealed, prowled about.

Such were two men.

They had just left the dingy *purlieus* of the Shifley Property in Alleghany City, and entered Cedar avenue. They continued their way rapidly on, and at last emerged from the nest of great iron houses huddled by the river-bank, near the Fort Wayne railroad bridge.

They here glanced around them for a moment, as they stood on the silent abutment. Then, with a half-uttered exclamation of satisfaction, they turned off sumptuously, and were soon within the gloomy recesses of the bridge.

Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the long bridge and plunged into the dark depths of the sleeping city, on the other side of the river.

They hurried rapidly on until they reached the straight double track of the Pennsylvania railroad; turning abruptly down which they strode on for several hundred yards.

Suddenly they paused.

"Here we are, Launce," said one of the men, glancing up at the steep face of the cliff to his right.

The speaker was entirely enveloped in a long cloak, reaching almost to his feet.

"Tis a rough climb, and we must do it, for it cuts off a long tramp. Come, let's go at it!"

The wind had indeed risen, and was howling in gusts along the deep cut of the narrow street, and over the high hill on which they stood.

The man who last spoke—the "boss"—rose to his feet, buttoned his overcoat closer around his chin, and drew the heavy woolen scarf high up about his neck.

The other man arose also.

"We must say good-by, Launce. When you return you will know where to go—every Tuesday night, now, in the 'Shinley,' you know. Here, take the roll; it contains two hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold-pieces; and here" taking a bank-bill from his vest-pocket, "is a five-dollar note. Carry this wixen her food to-morrow, and on the following morning Teddy will relieve you. Good-by."

"Good-by, boss," replied the other, taking the money, "and thank you, too, sir!"

The two men separated—Launce returning up Cliff Hill, which he descended to the track of the railroad; and then he was soon lost in the gloom toward the Union depot.

The other started down Bedford avenue, turned abruptly to the left, and, winding his way along a deep gully, and across an open common, he finally entered Stephen street, up which he strode at a rapid stride.

"Force you! Nonsense! It will only be for a time; and then remember, Launce, suppose you were found out! How about the law in your case, resemblance or no resemblance?"

The man started.

"True, true, boss," he said, rather humbly. "But, sir, it is hard to say good-by to my poor wife and children! They, sir, do not know that I am a wicked man. I am always gentle and kind to them, boss. They are mine!"

"Again I say nonsense, Launce! You will be paid well—more than ever before. I will pay you to-night. And then, why, tell your wife that you are going on business to Altoona, or further east, to Huntingdon, or—"

"But, boss, I am not going on business, and I never told poor Mary a lie!"

"Then begin at once! Confound you for an obstinate ass, that you are!" exclaimed the other, in an angry tone. "Do you prefer that I should tell that little affair in the mine—have you put in jail, where perhaps you belong? What would your 'poor Mary' think then?"

"No, no, boss! Don't talk of that! I'll do anything; but, keep that from her! Yet, boss," he suddenly continued, in a firm voice, "could I not tell something on you, and—"

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and then with a sudden impulse threw her arms around his neck and held up her lips to his; and as Catterton gazed in the young face so full of love—as he lightly touched the full, red lips and felt their dewy fragrance upon his own, he became conscious that he loved the girl whose slender figure he held within his arms.

"Good-night!" again he said, and again he touched the lips that so willingly received his kiss. "Oh, Iola!" he cried, impulsively, "I believe I love you!"

"And I know that I love you!" replied the girl, with the charming frankness of innocence. "I have loved you ever since the night when I first met you on Broadway, and I shall love you always."

And thus the lovers parted.

That night the "Marquis" dreamed only of the blue-eyed girl that at last he was conscious that he loved, and Iola's visions were of rest, of peace, and eternal love, as the wife of Daniel Catterton.

Morning came, and about eight o'clock, Catterton, with a breakfast of dainty viands on a wafer, procured from a neighboring eating-house, knocked at the door of the cosy apartment that held the girl he loved.

Upon entering, he found that Iola had been busily engaged in examining his little library.

Bright and cheerful looked the girl. A single night had banished all traces of her imprisonment from her face.

Iola did justice to the breakfast, while the "Marquis" sat and wondered at the prettiness of the girl he had won.

At Catterton's request, Iola gave a full account of her abduction by English Bill, and of her adventures in the old rookery in Fortieth street; not forgetting to relate in full the conversation between Bill and the stranger, in the front room, that she had overheard through the hole in the wall. She also told Catterton what a strange bearing that conversation had on her life, and the knowledge the conversation she had overheard had given her.

Catterton was almost speechless with astonishment. The revelation of the mystery that had so astonished him, coming from this unexpected source, excited his wonder. He had never even dreamed that the girl that he had befriended, simply from motives of humanity, had any connection with his past life, or held in her hands the key to the riddle that had puzzled him.

"Can this be true?" he exclaimed in wonder.

"Yes, all true," replied the girl.

Then Catterton told Iola the history of the child marked with the Ace of Spades, and how the lightning had imprinted the mark upon the shoulder. He also told her of his connection with the affair, and how the wealthy Fifth Avenue gentleman, Loyal Tremaino, was interested in it.

The "Marquis" now fully understood how the stranger, who had written the note that had agitated Tremaino so greatly, had gained his knowledge, for he was evidently the same person that had held the interview with English Bill; the particulars of which Iola had just related to him.

The mystery that had so puzzled the young man was a mystery no longer.

"This is the strangest combination of circumstances that I have ever heard of," exclaimed the "Marquis," in wonder.

"But it ends in happiness," said Iola, a bright smile illuminating her features.

"Alas!" replied Catterton, with a sigh;

"I fear that it will end unhappily for me."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Iola, in astonishment.

"Iola, I told you last night, that I loved you," said the "Marquis," slowly.

"Yes, and I told you that I loved you," replied Iola, quickly and frankly.

"That is what makes me unhappy," replied Catterton.

Iola opened her eyes wide in astonishment.

"I can not understand you!" she exclaimed; "are you unhappy because you love me and I return that love?"

"Yes," replied the "Marquis," sadly.

"But why should that make you unhappy?" questioned Iola.

"Because I fear that our love is hopeless, and that our union is impossible."

"Who will prevent it, if you and I be willing?" asked Iola, in astonishment.

"The one that has the right to do so," replied Catterton.

"You mean my father?" said Iola.

"Yes."

"He will not keep me from wedding you; that is—if you will have me," and Iola looked shyly and cunningly into the face of her lover.

"You know that there can not be a doubt about that, Iola," replied Catterton. "I have loved you for some time, although I was really not conscious that I did love you until I held you in my arms last night. It will be the proudest day of my life when I stand with you before the altar and have the right to call you mine forever."

"And if I live, you shall have that right!" cried Iola, quickly. "You are the only friend that I have ever had in the world. Your lips are the only ones that have ever spoken kind words to me; do you think that I could ever forget that, though I should live to be a thousand years old?"

"Iola," time in this world changes many things," replied the "Marquis," and he spoke the truth.

"Time will not change me," replied the girl, decidedly.

"You think so now, Iola, but you are young; as you grow older, you will change."

"Never in my love for you!" said the girl, earnestly.

"Iola, you say that I am the only one that has ever treated you kindly."

"Yes," quickly cried the girl, interrupting him, "you are the only one!"

"Perhaps, then, this feeling in your heart which you think is love, is merely gratitude. In time, you may see some one else. You will then discover the truth, and just think how bitter it will be for me—who truly love you—to know that you have discovered the truth."

Catterton spoke earnestly, and his tone was clear evidence that he was deeply interested. "Iola," he continued, "I will not hold you to the avowal that you made last night. I will give you your pledge of love back and forget your words. If in the future, you find that you do love me, then I shall only be too glad to accept and treasure your love."

For a moment Iola did not reply. The convulsive quivering of the lips, the flushed, grieved face, and the large tears that welled slowly into the loving blue eyes, proved how deeply the girl was affected.

"You do not love me at all!" at last she said, slowly, and with a great effort forcing the tears back.

"Why do you say that?" asked Catterton, while he looked with sorrow upon the mournful face of the girl.

"Because if you did love me, you would not speak this way—you would not wish to drive me from you!" replied Iola, and her face plainly expressed her heartfelt grief.

"Iola, I do not wish to take advantage of your fresh young heart. I wish you to know fully what you are doing when you say, 'you love me,' and consent to become my wife. Iola, some people call me the 'Marquis'; I am proud of the title. Do you know why I am proud of it, and why I am called so?"

"No," answered Iola.

"Because they say that I never deserted a friend or treacherously injured an enemy—that my word was my bond and that I kept that word, even at the risk of life. This is my patent of nobility. If I should act this love, that you would so freely give me, without warning—without giving you time to think of what you are doing, I should disgrace my marquis-ship and lose all right to the title."

With every word that the young man uttered, Iola's love increased.

"You are so good!" she murmured.

"Iola, I love you better than I do myself—and self-love you know is strong—but not even that love shall prompt me to do you wrong."

"But if after this explanation—if I am sure that I love you—that I will never love any one else—you will not reject me?" said Iola, imploringly, rising as she spoke, and extending her hands in supplication toward her lover.

"No, if after I have spoken so plainly, you say you love me, I shall believe you!" With a cry of joy Iola sprung into his arms.

"Oh, I do love you, so much!" she murmured, as she hid her flushed face on his breast.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 9.)

Baxter Street and Fifth Avenue.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

BY THE BRILLIANT

AUTHOR OF THE "ACE OF SPADES."

In this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is announced the hitherto unannounced City-life romance by the author of the "Ace of Spades," viz.:

THE SCARLET HAND;

OR,

The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC.

Stamped with power, steeped in mystery, and overcharged with the heroic and diabolical elements of human nature, this fascinating work will more sustain the interest already created in the author's fame, as a delineator of New York city hearts and homes.

To wondrous skill in plot construction the actor-adds that incisive knowledge of men and women which illuminates what it touches; and the light which he throws both into the dismal dens of Baxter street, and the salons of luxury on the aristocratic Fifth avenue, bring into startling distinctness certain phases of city life which reveal the strange companionship of vice and virtue, of pomp and penury, of glorious goodness and desperate depravity.

By deliberately stealing a life, a young man plays a role of astonishing audacity—the stake being the hand and fortune of the beautiful orphan heiress of the Avenue. Dead, yet living, the daring adventurer dashes his hand against Fate itself, with a heroism that Lucifer himself might envy. Brave before all other odds, and undaunted by all other obstacles, he is yet awed and terrified by the Nemesis that comes in the shape of Mordant, the actor, whom the demon of drink has reduced to a condition, abject indeed, but who, under the strong stimulus of a dread secret, becomes at once the avenger and the savior.

"And if I live, you shall have that right!" cried Iola, quickly. "You are the only friend that I have ever had in the world. Your lips are the only ones that have ever spoken kind words to me; do you think that I could ever forget that, though I should live to be a thousand years old?"

"Iola," time in this world changes many things," replied the "Marquis," and he spoke the truth.

"Time will not change me," replied the girl, decidedly.

"You think so now, Iola, but you are young; as you grow older, you will change."

NEW YORK LIFE UNVAILED!

Saturday Journal WEEKLY

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1870.

Foolscap Papers.

At Long Branch.

THERE is probably no habit more worthy of rigid cultivation than that of cleanliness, especially while water is plenty, and soft soap abundant. When I was a boy I formed the resolution to bathe twice every year, when it was absolutely necessary, and at no time have I ever bathed more than fifty per cent of that resolution; and it was for this purpose alone that I came to Long Branch, which was invented expressly for bathing—and every thing else. True, the bathing here costs nothing, but one will find out, or if he don't find out some one will tell him soon enough, and to let his entire satisfaction, that to maintain his dignity on the banks of Long Branch it is necessary that he bring a branch bank along, or plenty of baggage as a necessary equivalent.

The season here promises to be more than usually gay—in fact is now, and the crowds of beautiful and gentlemanly ladies here are very bewildering to a married man. Indeed I think a pretty face lends a charm to any landscape, and compels me to worship it—it is, that is, the landscape.

The celebrities here are very numerous, and seem to be quite plenty. Besides myself, there is a regular English lord—I know he is because I saw him going round trying to borrow some money. His style is extravagantly faultless, his manners magnificently superb, and then there are already thirteen mammas paying him the most eloquent attentions, and doing the courting of their thirteen respective, expective daughters, strange as it may seem. I think if he plays his cards right—and he can play them infinitely well—he can marry any of all of them. His side-whiskers are universally stunning, and altogether he looks a peer. In his turnout he rides a high horse, and is the object of all eyes—being well watched. In conversation, he leaves all his 'o's out when he don't forget himself, and talks familiarly of dukes and other curiosities in London.

The Hon. Jefferson Brickbatt, a member of the senate, and lately the head of the committee on other people's affairs—a gentleman of the true metal, brass, is here. He drives two fiery Arabian mules, and is the attraction of all eyes.

The Hon. Mrs. B. is very fascinating, and quite civil toward her husband. Her jewelry consists of one entire set of teeth on gold plate. She drives sixteen span of bridges, and is the cynosure of all eyes.

Henry F. Marsh is informed that one of the very best schools of study in the art of poetry and composition is to be opened Edgar A. Poe's "Principles of Poetry," and his numerous criticisms on living and dead writers, are full of suggestions and aid to a correct idea of what poetry is, and what it is not. The volume is one that all who aim at success in literature should read.

Mrs. P. P. Chase is informed that Grace Greenwood is a "real character." She is Mrs. Lippincott—her husband residing in Philadelphia.

We can not use "FRIENDSHIP." The author writes very well in the line of essays on homely and practical topics—a field which will bear cultivation.

Will use Mrs. C's "WHAT A LETTER DID."

The poems, "Envy" and "Angelina," we can render available. The lyric is very musical and would "set" to music very well.

Henry F. Marsh is informed that one of the very best schools of study in the art of poetry and composition is to be opened Edgar A. Poe's "Principles of Poetry," and his numerous criticisms on living and dead writers, are full of suggestions and aid to a correct idea of what poetry is, and what it is not. The volume is one that all who aim at success in literature should read.

Patrick Murphy, ambassador from Terra del Fuego, drives eight barbs from Barbary, four in front and four behind, and is said to be pretty fast on the road—to ruin. He is the delight of all eyes.

And here is—but my arm trembles, and my ink fails me in describing so much gorgeousness, and if you can borrow enough money to come down here and see for yourself, do so; bring a pair of green goggles and a lunch, and if your bosoms be not filled with so much wonder that you will cough your toe-nails up, you can call me a liar in Dutch, and settle your own doctor-bills.

Honestly, there are more men-of-war's names on the hotel registers here than you can ever hope to find on the scrolls of Fame; they seem to prefer to leave their names on the registers. Verily if this place should be washed overboard in the next storm, there would be a great reduction in the Army Bills.

There is plenty of bathing room here, as it extends clear out to the Eastern continent; however, most people prefer remaining closer to shore, so if accident should befall them they may go down in sight of their native land.

The sight is quite interesting. Hundreds of bathers, in a costume which is about the last relic we have of ancient mythology, and with the least possible show of being human beings, sporting in the waves like so many seals in a hungry Esquimaux' dream! Old noddies and youth, beauty and its opposite, standing on the same footing, and I may add the footing is not always sure.

About the saddest thing a person can see is a wet angel; it is a disaster to romance. The enchantment seems to work off as it were, and the interest drowns.

I humiliated myself this morning in that classical costume of Central Africa, and started to wade. The only objection I have to bathing is that you are so liable to get wet, and then in such a wet place as the sea it is dangerous. I am compelled to admit that a wash-pan is much safer; Well, presently a breaker rolled over me and nearly broke my neck. I tried to swallow it, but choked short off before I got three buckets down, and began a series of summertimers under water that would have made a forty-horse grindstone dizzy to look at me. I was under water fifteen minutes and a half—though if my honor was at stake I wouldn't discount this statement more than a quarter of an hour. I only prayed that I might be allowed the privilege of going first to my hotel and writing my will; but at last I came up in the midst of two ladies somewhat water-soaked, and frightened them so badly that one of them fainted for both, and in my excitement I hurried out and ran six squares for a tumbler of water to throw in her face, but when I got back I found that she had gone to. I addressed her with a princely apology and then went and dressed myself. My head roars all the time, and I think I

have water on the brain, though some of my friends say that thing would be impossible for certain good reasons. They ought to know. If I was home now I would hardly be troubled with colporters and organ-exorcisers, for I am out of hearing.

I have spent the balance of the day in computing what it would cost a small family to live economically here one season, but I have no more room on the walls for figures, and have exhausted the entire interest on the public debt, and have only got through the little article of wardrobe. You can not expect to cut a big figure here unless there are similar figures in your income. It goes a little hard with me to keep up—I mean down—my pantry expenses, although I represent \$8,000,000!

Ah revoir,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

If young writers would examine their productions with the same critical eye with which a fastidious public examines them, they would be strangers to much of the disappointment which it falls to their lot to undergo. But the innate selfishness and self-satisfaction of our nature often precludes this. We look, as it were, through a cloud of faults, which we ignore, to a few rambling and commonplace beauties beyond. Now, to attain that command of oneself, as to permit of rigid self-criticism, we must look into, think over, and compare the productions of others with others, as well as with our own. Our aim should be, by a careful weighing of all we read, to do the same when we sit down to write. I have used the word "we," for the advice is generally useful, and such as all should bear in mind, wherever "self" comes under consideration.

Remember that he who most impartially surveys his

you shall have her. We heard your conversation with the lady, and now Lulie learns—too late, she feared that her life happiness was forever wrecked. But I love her too well to stand between you. Hard as the task is to give her, it would be worse to claim her when she loves you so. Take her, Dr. Grace."

His voice was calm and low, and he laid Lulie's hand in the young physician's; "Lulie, there is the letter intended for you. By a well-nigh fatal blunder it was placed in the wrong envelope. Read it, Lulie. I will await my answer."

Side by side the young men stood, watching her sweet face as she read; now blushing, now paling. Then she glanced at Dr. Grace; a fond, trustful look it was. Then she turned to Lynn, with her beseeching, troubled eyes.

"I don't want you to think of me, Lulie, cousin Lulie. To-night has been the happiest of my life. I will thank God for it, without fretting for more. Accept my trusty good wishes for yourselves, forever."

He walked gently away, and neither Clifford nor Little saw the spasm of keen agony that corrugated his forehead.

"Lulie, my darling, you accept me?"

"If you'll take me as a gift from poor, noble Lynn."

Then Lynn returned, and the trio joined the crowd again, and none ever was the wiser of the trouble a love-letter brought.

The Shadowed Heart: THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "ERIN MASK," "SCARLET CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

THAT succeeding morning passed all too slowly to Maude Elverton, whose thoughts went forward with bounding anticipations to the moment when her lover should tell her again and more freely of his love for her.

A blissful light beamed in her eyes, and her voice was soft and low when she spoke. Her parents knew that she had released Casselmaine, and they at first objected strongly. But George's persuasions, united with her own request, received their reward, and she heard from her father's lips that he sanctioned the annulment of the engagement.

Mrs. Elverton was more displeased than her husband, and openly asked Maude if her preference for Frederic Trevlyn had not caused this disruption.

Maude candidly confessed, though with blushes and hesitancy, that she did love Trevlyn, but that, had she not assured herself of Casselmaine's indifference to her, she should never have withdrawn.

"And if Mr. Trevlyn doesn't care for you, what will you do?" Mrs. Elverton interrogated her cruelly.

"He does return—he does care for me. He told me yesterday; and this morning at twelve he calls to see me."

A satisfied smile curled Mrs. Elverton's haughty lip, and she turned away from her daughter, who, with fast-throbbing heart, awaited her lover's coming.

At that very moment Frederic Trevlyn was bending over a letter he had just written, in which the ink was still wet and fresh.

Before him lay scattered many letters and notes, which from time to time he consulted; then, when he had read, began his writing again. It was a long, long letter, which he wrote, and his face indicated the passage of varied emotions through his soul as he penned each line.

At times an expression of intensest agony contracted his features; then, that was quickly followed by proud, defiant smile, to be as rapidly succeeded by a stern look of duty—duty that he felt he must perform, would perform in spite of any human power.

After he wrote, he read his letter. Half through, he tore the sheet into a dozen pieces.

On a fresh sheet he transcribed a line, signed his name, and thrust the sheet into the envelope, hastily and wildly, as if he feared he would repent.

He called William and directed him to post the letter immediately.

That dispatched, he rung for Mrs. Holcombe.

"Are the rooms in readiness, the western suite?"

"Every thing is in perfect order, sir, and I think you'll be pleased with my arrangement. Will you step up-stairs and see the rooms?"

"No—no," he replied, hesitatingly; "I think there is no occasion for that. But, I wish to ask a favor of you. If company comes to the Archery—a lady—will you exert yourself to the utmost to make her happy and contented?"

Mrs. Holcombe answered by a glance, half-agrieved, half-wondering.

"I know you always do make every thing pleasant for those around you, and I only ventured to mention this to you, because if any one comes, her position will be a very peculiar one."

"Mr. Trevlyn, if it is your wife you are going to marry and bring home, no woman should be happier, and no one will serve her more faithfully than I."

He brushed the great drops of perspiration from his forehead, and paused for her

A tear gathered under her spectacles, but she forgot to brush it away, in her amazement at Frederic's conduct.

While she was speaking, a vivid blush had arisen to his cheeks, and he seemed ill at ease. A sudden idea inspired Mrs. Holcombe.

"My dear Mr. Trevlyn, I am old enough to be your mother, therefore I hope you will take what I say as an act of kindness. Were you my son, I would do just what I am doing now, and ask just what I am going to ask now."

She came up closely to him, and laid her hand lovingly on his head.

"My boy, is it a wife, a good, true wife you are going to bring?"

A groan burst from his pale lips as she ceased.

"Because, my dear Mr. Frederic, if you are going to dishonor yourself, your home, your servant, I can not remain here to witness it."

He caught her hand and laid it against his hot forehead.

"Mrs. Holcombe, your honor and mine will receive no stain from the guest who shall demand our courtesy. She will please you, you will love her. I—oh, Mrs. Holcombe, if you but dreamed of the constant darkness I walk in, you would pity me—yes, you would weep over me, as a mother for her heart-broken son."

A great racking sob burst from his white lips, and then he released her hand.

"To-day I must be away at dinner-time. To-morrow the lady will be with us; then I will explain more fully. Trust me, Mrs. Holcombe, trust me and bless me, and pray for me."

She murmured a broken benediction as he bowed his proud head before her, and then softly left him alone.

He gathered up his scattered papers, and arranged the disordered furniture.

Then he lifted the gray velvet curtain and entered his mysterious retreat.

At first no sound broke the stillness; then a stifled moan came faintly from the darkness, and his voice, laden with anguish, fell mournfully on the still noon-air.

"Our merciful Father, strengthen me, assist me in this hour of deepest trial! enable me to sacrifice all for duty, all for right! and though I relinquish her who would have been—who is—God forgive me, the light of my life, let me believe it is all for the best. When I waver in my sacrifice, oh, be merciful and sustain me! When I grope on in the darkness, be Thou my light! and when grief and sorrow shall mingle in my bitter cup, let me remember Thy hands hold it to my lips, and may I drain it even to the dregs!"

His tones died away, like the moaning of the autumn winds, and all was silent again, but only for a time.

"Strengthen her, my heart's idol—strengthen her for the load this day to fall on her heart with its crushing weight. Enable her to say, 'Thy will be done!' Bless us all, and remember another, another, and may I be prepared to do my duty to her."

He ceased, and for several minutes he was silent again. Then the curtain parted, and he came forth, pale but composed.

The carriage, agreeably to his orders, was at the door. He took the lines himself, and drove slowly to the Grange.

He was shown into the parlor, where, before he had seated himself, Maude entered, beautiful and bewildering, her starry eyes charged with the love-light of her full heart.

"You returned safely, then, yesterday afternoon?"

He knew he must say something, yet he dreaded to speak the most commonplace remark.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Trevlyn; and you, since we have been well, and—" she hesitated, blushed, then added—"happy?"

A spasm of pain crossed his fine face, but he met the occasion she offered of striking his own death-blow to his hopes and joys.

"Maude," he said, in a hollow tone that startled himself, while she started in surprise at the sound, while an undefinable fear curdled her blood and drove the carnation from her cheeks.

He gazed upon her sweet face, while his eyes dimmed with many tears as he thought of the revelation that hour would make. He felt that he could die to save her the pangs he must cause, and yet his own rashness had placed him on the ground they now occupied.

His brain grew fiercely hot, his heart beat in frightful rapidity, while he eagerly read her pale, startled face; then, by a mighty effort, he calmed himself sufficiently to speak.

"Come and sit down, Maude, and listen to what I must say: what you must hear even if it kills us both."

He drew her unresisting form to the sofa, and then he began:

"Yesterday I told you I loved you, Maude. To-day I come to ask you to forget I ever said it. No, you must not misconstrue my meaning," he added, quickly and vehemently, as a proud light gleamed in her eyes, and she drew her skirts from his feet.

"No, no; the truth is none the less—the love is none the less, yet, Maude, I, the most pitiable man in God's universe, am here to beg you to forget those words, and if you can, forgive the speaker."

He brushed the great drops of perspiration from his forehead, and paused for her

to speak. But she sat calm and silent, looking him full in the face.

"Don't look so, Maude; don't regard me so sternly. When you understand it all you will pity me, not hate me."

But she did not remove her eyes, for she could not, but a softer, tenderer expression crept into their dark depths.

"Frederic, what do you mean—are you afraid I regret your confession?"

"No, no," he returned, mildly. "Would that you did; but oh, Maude, when I spoke those words I must have been beside myself. I had no right to speak them, I ought to have been stricken dumb before my lips framed them. But the temptation overwhelmed me, and I did what I to-day suffer for—what you will suffer for. But you will forgive me, won't you?"

His pleading, passionate eyes looked eagerly in hers.

"I feel bewildered; I can not understand what this all means, Frederic. If you think I do not love you, you are wrong; my love for you is the one dream of my life. But if you do not care for me—why—then—"

Her lips quivered, and a tear fell on his face.

"Maude, Maude, you will drive me crazy," he whispered, hoarsely, his white lips trembling so he could hardly speak.

"Yesterday I told you, defying the honor that should have restrained me, that I loved you. But harder than any thing I ever did, or can do, is it to-day, to tell you—oh, merciful Father—must I give her up?"

"Yes, Maude, my lost Maude, I can not accept that love—you must not be my wife."

He put his hands gently down.

"Listen, Maude," he answered, quietly, though every word seemed a drop of blood oozing from his wounded heart; "can you not guess what is the reason I am killing our hearts?"

Slowly she drooped her head on her bosom; slowly the warmth left the little hand that just touched his own.

"Maude, shall I, may I, dare tell you?"

She murmured an inarticulate whisper, and he, in the mighty love he was so earnestly striving to smother, thought he would rather die, then and there, than cut the last cord that bound him to her, than speak this last word, which, when spoken, effectually and forever divided them, and sent them both drifting apart—further—further.

"I know the stab I inflict, my poor Maude, but listen, listen, and may a merciful Savior sanctify the cross to us—to you, my trusting, innocent one. Maude, I am married!"

For a moment she sat, stiff, upright; then, slowly, mechanically, she arose, and pressed her cold, quivering lips for one moment on his own. He did not return the pressure, he dared not; then she lifted his chin with her cold hands, and for a moment steadily regarded his face.

With that last, lingering, touching glance she went quietly from the room, and Frederic Trevlyn, as sadly, as silently, went from the house.

His self-appointed task was done, and he knew God would reward them both one day.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SECRET OF THE CHAMBER.

THE GUESTS HAD ALL DEPARTED FROM THE ARCH STREET MANSION; THE LIGHTS WERE EXTINGUISHED, AND CLARE TREVLYN AND ESTHER WERE ALONE IN THE CHAMBER OF THE FORMER.

CLARE SEEMED ALMOST FRENZIED AT SOMETHING; HER EYES WERE SWOLLEN WITH TEARS, AND AT TIMES THEY DARTED RAYS OF GLORIOUS FIRE. NOW SHE WAS PACING THE FLOOR OF THE LONG ROOM, HER ELEGANT EVENING DRESS TRAILING ON THE VELVET COVERING UNDER HER FEET.

ON HER GRACEFUL PERSON THE DIAMONDS GLEAMED AND GLITTERED, BUT SHE WAS REGARDLESS OF THEIR SPLENDOR. SHE WHO, BUT A FEW HOURS BEFORE, HAD PROUDLY SMILED AT HER OWN LOVELINESS, NOW BOWED HER ROYAL HEAD IN MISERY AND DESPAIR.

"ESTHER, ESTHER, TO THINK MY FIRST ATTEMPT TOWARD WINNING HIS LOVE SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE TIME WHEN I FIRST LEARNED OF HIS TREACHERY. OH, WHY DO I SPEAK thus? I WILL NOT BELIEVE IT. ESTHER, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"

ESTHER LAUGHED SCORNFULLY.

"WHY SHOULDN'T I? HAVEN'T I ALWAYS INSTRUCTED THAT FREDERIC TREVLYN WAS A VILLAIN, SINCE THE DAYS HE REFUSED TO CREDIT YOUR INNOCENCE? OF COURSE I BELIEVE IT, FULLY AND ENTIRELY, AND YOU TOO."

HER VOICE SOFTENED AS SHE FINISHED, FOR A MOMENT SHE WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT.

"HE CALMED HERSELF, SPOKE SOFTLY, AND THEN HE TURNED TO CLARE, WHO WAS STANDING IN THE CORNER, HOLDING A LETTER IN HER HANDS."

CLARE'S EYES WERE SWOLLEN WITH TEARS, AND SHE DROPPED THEM ON THE FLOOR.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IT? ESTHER, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"

CLARE'S EYES WERE SWOLLEN WITH TEARS, AND SHE DROPPED THEM ON THE FLOOR.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IT? ESTHER, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"

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"DO YOU BELIEVE IT? ESTHER, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"

CLARE'S EYES WERE SWOLLEN WITH TEARS, AND SHE DROPPED THEM ON THE FLOOR.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IT? ESTHER, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"

CLARE'S EYES WERE SWOLLEN WITH TEARS, AND SHE DROPPED THEM ON THE FLOOR.

"DO YOU BELIE

eye but my own ever invaded its sanctity; but you shall enter. You have even a better right than I."

Tremblingly she suffered herself to be drawn along; he raised the gray cloud of drapery, and the two stood within the secret room.

It was a small apartment, and the wall was hung with black velvet, studded with golden stars.

But two objects occupied the room.

In one corner stood an ebony table, where lay an open Bible, and beside it a silver candlestick, in which flamed faintly a waxen taper. In the center, on a low marble table, lay a tiny white coffin, simple and unpretending. With a bound, Clare sprung from Frederic's arm, and knelt beside the casket, her hot tears flowing fast and copious.

It was a baby that lay there, white and beautiful as a sleeping angel. The tiny hands were folded on the little breast, and a little bare leg, plump and marble-hard, and pure, was visible.

The face was a perfect repetition of its father, save that a happy repose marked the features, where stern *hauteur* stamped the parent.

The thin dark hair curled carelessly over the fine head, and the long dark lashes shaded the white cheek.

Clare's sobs ceased; then she arose and looked long and eagerly on the infant's placid sleep.

"My baby—my Effie—darling!"

"Our child, Clare, is happier than either of us. When she died, two years ago, I had her tiny body embalmed, and enshrined very near me, for I felt the powerful tide of fate that was sweeping on to me. A good God has blessed the memory of our daughter to me, and to-day I can lay my hand on her sinless brow and confess all I have done."

With one arm thrown around Clare's waist, who wept silently while he spoke, and the other on their baby's white forehead, he told her all.

Not a word, not a syllable did he conceal, and when he had finished, he bent over his heart-broken wife.

"Clare, can you forgive me?"

"A thousand times, yes. Only give me a little of the olden time love, only remember sometimes I am Effie's mother, and I will try to bear it; but, Frederic, my lost husband, it will break my heart, I know."

"We will help each other on our life's journey, and in heaven, where there is no marriage or giving in marriage, we will reap the reward of our sacrifice."

He led her away, and then locked their treasure in again.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 13.)

Cruiser Crusoe!

OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER TWENTY.

The spot which in my mind's eye had been selected for the purpose of trying my hand at boat-building, was three miles from the sea, but close to a stream that ran to the shore, and was navigable all the way. There I had observed some trees, which were likely to suit my purpose. My recollections of the misfortunes of my great predecessor prevented me from making a similar mistake. There were much better trees, and much better suited to my purpose, on other parts of the island, but then, they were far away from water.

The spot chosen by me was a small glade, close to a narrow bayou that ran into the river. Beside this was just such a tree as I wanted, though not long enough; but it was wide and straight. My first task, after fixing my camp, was to dig round the roots, at which I then began to cut with the energy of one whose life is at stake. This took me a whole day, and then the tree did not fall; but at early dawn again my ax awoke the echoes of the forest, and about midday it fell.

The trunk part, which would have been of use to me, was about fourteen feet long; and, though my boat would have to be much larger, yet still, I did not despair. My brains were at work, both remembering and inventing. The trunk once on the ground, the whole of the superfluous branches and wood had to be hacked off with my ax. Then the want of a good saw became visible. But, to cut a very long and wearisome story short, at the end of a week I had before me a solid trunk nearly fifteen feet long, by four wide, and as many deep, on which to commence my arduous proceedings.

The labor was fearful, but I never flinched. My meals were hurried over as much as possible. There stood the log, and I could neither eat, drink nor sleep in peace until it was turned into a canoe. The hardest part of all proved to be flattening the upper side. This took me four days' hard consecutive work, taking off my coat, too, in earnest.

Then I began to make way. A good fire was lit at some little distance, from which I every now and then took the live coals, and so placed them on the wood of my future canoe, as to burn away the interior, while I fashioned the outside. In this way nearly all savage dug-outs are made. For several days, while I was cutting away with extreme care and nicety, the asperities and superabundant wood, the fire process

continued until the trunk was hollowed out in a satisfactory way. But this was only in the rough, as my ax had again to come into play, to make the rude thing level. Then by the assistance of my horse, and zebra, the trunk was turned half over, and supported by two thick branches, while I fashioned something of a keel.

This done, my boat being quite watertight, though the ends were somewhat slight, my resolution was to put it on a gridiron. This is a thing used in dock-yards to clean the bottoms of vessels. My way of making it was thus:—a number of poles and bamboos were cut and laid across the bayou or creek, just about four inches above the water, and on to this the boat was dragged by my cattle, while I guided the progress of my precious treasure with a kind of rude handspike.

It was a baby that lay there, white and beautiful as a sleeping angel. The tiny hands were folded on the little breast, and a little bare leg, plump and marble-hard, and pure, was visible.

The face was a perfect repetition of its father, save that a happy repose marked the features, where stern *hauteur* stamped the parent.

The thin dark hair curled carelessly over the fine head, and the long dark lashes shaded the white cheek.

Clare's sobs ceased; then she arose and looked long and eagerly on the infant's placid sleep.

The powerful stretchers were placed above the hole, in which the mast was to be slipped; these also were secured by strong bamboo dowel-pins. A seat in the stern-sheet, and a small plank to place my feet on, and my boat was complete.

No! the masterpiece of my cunning was yet to be developed. The presence of a large quantity of india-rubber vines had been one object of my selecting this spot. My gourds were now prepared, and the proper incision being made, a good supply of the white milky juice was procured, with which, by the exercise of great patience, every seam, every joint, every doweling, was duly paid and caulked.

My triumph was complete. I had a boat.

But now came the launch. With a view to the proper and due observance of the ceremony, I placed on board my craft some large pieces of meat cut from a deer I had killed that morning, some corn, and a gourd of brandy and water. Then a loaded gun was put in the stern-sheets, and I cleared for action. With my ax the center supports were cut away, leaving only one at each end. Then the weight of the boat brought the keel to the water's edge, after which I cut away the stern-end, and the canoe was in the water on a level keel. Frantic with joy, I cast the food to my dogs, zebra, and horse, drank a good draught of brandy and water, and leaped into the canoe.

I was afloat! A child with its first toy, a young mother dandling her first child, a lawyer with a long-expected brief, are usually quoted as instances of perfect happiness; but who so happy and proud as I?

Here on this desert island, with but a few old tools saved from the wreck of a ship, with but scanty knowledge of the way to proceed—thence heaven, that my youth had been spent in reading—I had succeeded in building myself, without the remotest assistance, a canoe, able to bear at least six or seven people, and it appeared to me that with the cargo which one man could take with him, this admitted of my sailing round the world.

In the early days of voyage and discovery, men had traveled wondrous distances in small, rickety and frail open boats, and had thus arrived in safety at their destination. Thus had the six hundred islands of the Pacific been peopled, that island world embosomed in a vast ocean, sweeping in latitude over a whole hemisphere, and exceeding in area all the continents and islands of the globe, by ten millions of miles.

Many years before any record that we have, these islands rose from the deep, and were peopled by stray Malay and other boats being carried thousands of miles out of their course. Chinese junks were known to land there human freight after being tossed a whole year on the angry billows; and then, too, I was well aware that Columbus himself had made his voyage to America in a caravel not much bigger than a barge.

How proud then I was of this my vehicle for locomotion may be imagined.

Now, however, came the reflection, that my boat had to be got down to the sea, which, without oars or rudder, was no easy matter. My animals, too, had to be taken back to the place whence they came, so that they might provide themselves with food during my absence, which might—who knows what or may what may not happen when he starts upon a journey?—be eternal.

The precious canoe was then docked in the bayou; after which, mounting my zebra, and leading my horse, which was more obedient to the yoke, and therefore, employed as a beast of burden, I started for home, followed by my animals. The journey was delightful, but was not completed in one day, as I wished to select the proper place at the mouth of the river for fitting out my vessel finally.

The mouth of the river was wide, with a shallow bar, over which at times the waves dashed furiously. These bars are occasioned by the action of the wind

against the natural course of the river, causing the sediment to be deposited at their entrances instead of being carried out into the deeper parts of the sea. When the wind blows strongly—and it generally blows in one direction—the water, struggling to ooze forth, causes a terrible wave, which is by sailors technically called a "bore."

It was necessary for me to fit out my boat, provision it, and then to select a calm day for my departure. But even with a stiff breeze, the sea here was scarcely ruffled. The spot was not one I should have selected as a residence, but it did very well for a port. Broad mudbanks extended on either side when the tide was low, while birds and reptiles covered its banks. There were alligators, too. Indeed, the number of these loathsome brutes was very great, either swimming, or lying sprawling on the mud in wait for their prey.

My camp was on a rising knoll, whence I looked out upon the distant and promised land, which loomed gray and indistinct in the distance. Here my poles were erected, and a bush hut hastily constructed for the night. Here I sat after supper, gazing out at the scene before me, on the soft, unruled sea, on the wild and furious bore, on the flat sea-coast, on the distant hills; until slowly the setting sun tinged their peaks with rosy and purple tints, when they gradually sunk into darkness as the evening mists gathered over the seaward edge of the jungle-like prairie; and, moved by the evening breeze, sailed along like huge phantoms. Then came night itself, with its dew-laden atmosphere—against which I had guarded by means of my hut—and soon a starlit sky.

And then began the busy hum which is ever attendant on tropical nights, when the insects and monkeys, and other restless beasts, come forth in search of prey. But, guarded by my dogs, my gun near at hand, and my fire blazing cheerily, I cared not, but slept soundly through the long watches of the night.

Up at dawn of day, with a stiff squall just ending. While getting my breakfast and loading my patient cattle, I noticed how the gust seemed to have cleared the atmosphere. The distant island seemed nearer, every thing appeared to have fresh life, the very sea glittered in the sunlight with a brighter and a deeper blue, and the forest-clad slopes of this land looked more gorgeous, as they sparkled in the sun's rays, in all their varied panoply of gold and green. The whole scene was as of a "summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

Away with all speed to the cave, where necessarily two days were spent in final preparations. My provender consisted of one rum-keg of water, six gourds and calabashes ditto, one gourd of rum and water, one ditto of brandy neat; a fair supply of tobacco and sundry pipes. Then came one keg of half-salted pork raw, two joints of ditto roasted, much jerked or dried meat, some carrots, turnips, yams and cocoanuts; also a small quantity of corn, with two guns, a powder-horn and some bullets. In addition to the clothing that I wore, a number of furs were taken down to the beach, where my store was established.

The mast, sail, oars and rudder, were next transported, with due care, to the water's edge. A rough hut was erected over them, and then, with an ample supply of provender and bones, two dogs were tied up to guard them. My gazelle valley was visited the first day, and the gazelles driven into the pen, with a quantity of green meat. This done, on my return I was able to notice with pleasure the rich grass that was everywhere covering the valley, and which had hitherto kept these little creatures from attacking my cocoaons, which were rising in a most astounding manner.

I killed two pigs, these animals breeding very fast, which I placed in an out-of-the-way place, for my dogs to find in case they were unsuccessful in hunting. A few additional scarecrows, in the shape of a stuffed monkey or so, were added to my plantation, and then, having acted like a prudent man, I thought it was time that I should give way to my feelings, and start on my voyage of discovery.

This time I took my solitary way toward the spot where lay my bark canoe. I had to bring the precious treasure down the river, and wanted no animals with me. Besides, I wanted to be alone, to dance, to jump, to expand my chest, to breathe freely, as the thought filled my soul of what might be the ultimate result of my voyage. Mine was not hope—that told me no flattering tale. It was a certainty. Methought I saw her, as I walked, already my companion in this new garden of Eden.

My way lay through dense forests, open glades, across streams; and, as I was on foot, the way was long, so that it was evening before the camp was reached; and the thousand stars that strewed the sky peered knowingly down upon me, through openings in the forest, and the tall trees waved their sable plumes over my head, and the firefly and other luminous insects lit up, first one tree then the other, as if sparks of liquid gold were being emitted from the rustling and trembling leaves.

But my boat was safe, and I lay down that night within it, with rare satisfaction, wrapped in a huge rug, made from two lion-skins, sewn together. I had made no fire. My surprise may be conceived, when toward dawn, I discovered how cold it

could be at so short a distance from the equator. I found, however, that the night-dew struck a chill to my very bones, so that when I crawled on shore, to illuminate the scene, my limbs were quite stiff.

A roaring fire I made of many a huge bough and many a branch, with chips that had been left, and Spanish moss, soon relieved me, and I returned to my couch, drawing it close in shore with something of a feeling of satisfaction. But sleep not being so easily woosed as I could wish, I was again on foot, and partaking of a hearty breakfast; after which I hastened to make up my fire cheerily, and then proceeded to cut down the pole which was to serve me to guide my boat down the river.

A long and straight one being found, it was cut down, its branches lopped, and the whole ready for use in little more than an hour. Then my canoe was entered, and one thrust of the pole sent it gliding gracefully and swiftly into the clear open water.

Above the dock where she had lain was an open lake-like space, where it took my fancy to give her a trial, for which purpose the pole was rigged up for a mast, and my lion-skin hooked on for a sail. A stout rudder of a tree served for a temporary rudder or scull.

She behaved beautifully.

But before I give any account of the Stormy Petrel, as my canoe was christened, let me make one remark.

I left a roaring fire on the beach, close to a large tree, which was thickly overgrown by creeping plants and Spanish moss, that hung down in graceful festoons to within a few feet of the fire.

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OUR FIRST AND LAST KISS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A lip a saint might stumble for
From the high place where he reposes,
Impassioned with a perfect grace,
And dewy with the death of roses—
Did so much hold the gift of bliss,
That as it turned in maiden seeming,
And touched on mine in willing trust,
Set all my soul forever dreaming.
Thrilling along the lines of sense
A message that will be immortal,
And thrilling, long delayed that lip,
Which is her spirit's guarded portal.
And I may never kiss again,
That one no more shall need renewal:
The first, the last, for her, for me,
It burns without the added fuel.
And oh to feel through years that pass,
In cold calamitous succession,
The memory of that kiss is more
Than amulet of rare possession.

The Red-skin's Request.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"PAUL THORNTON must have been crazy when he left the city, to build such a house in this wild country," the hunters in the western wilds would mutter when they gazed upon an imposing residence on a hill surrounded by forests, inhabited by wild beasts and treacherous Indians.

White men seldom visited the mansion of their adventurous brother, though under its roof they were sumptuously entertained, and to them was told the reason why he had shut himself out from the world, as it were, and dwelt so far from the boundary of civilization.

Paul Thornton was about fifty years of age, though his snow-white locks caused him to look twenty-five years older. From boyhood until three years prior to the opening of our story he had lived in a populous eastern city, and celebrated his twenty-first birthday by marrying the only daughter of a prominent citizen and railroad king. Two children, in due time, were born, and with pride the parents saw them grow into noble manhood and womanhood.

But Morgan, whom they regarded as the staff for their declining years, was doomed to whiten their heads with untimely frosts, and make their lives an almost rayless existence. He happened one day to encounter a noted gambler, who at once marked him for a victim. He placed the damning bowl of intoxication to Morgan's lips, and with devilish joy saw him drink the very dregs. From that unguarded moment the descent of the hill of ruin was not difficult, and night after night found the rich merchant at the gambling-table.

The gold given him by his indulgent father was swept into the pockets of unprincipled men, and one night they brought him to his home a corpse.

"He accidentally discharged his revolver," said one of the gamblers, addressing the grief-stricken father.

For a while Paul Thornton believed this explanation; but the terrible truth burst upon him and sent him reeling to the earth. His son had committed suicide in a well-known gambling-hell. This terrible blow threw him into a fever, and for weeks he raved about his darling, who, in Greenwood, occupied the suicide's grave.

When he was well again, he determined to depart from the city in which had been wrecked his brightest hopes, and pass the remainder of his days in the far wild West. His wife and daughter were as eager to go as he, and one day they took their departure. Arrived in the West, Paul Thornton purchased a spot of ground from the red-men, who seemed peacefully disposed, and upon the hill in the center of his purchase he caused a mansion to be erected.

As the months of the four seasons passed, the Thorntons learned to love their secluded life, and, visited now and then by white hunters, and quite often by Indians, many hours were spent in which they forgot the tragic death of the loved one.

Among the hunters whom curiosity led to the recluse's door was a young Ohioan named Chester White. Tall, comely, and of gentlemanly address, he became a favorite at the mansion; and so pleased did Thornton become with the young man that he invited him to make his house his home.

Perhaps the bright eyes of Celeste influenced the young hunter's choice, for he quickly promised to tarry, and contribute his mite to cheer the lives of the sorrowing Thorntons. Chester, though quite a youth, was no mean hunter, and he and Paul Thornton chased the wild animals through the woods and over the plains until wearied with the sport.

The moonlight strolls of Celeste and Chester fostered a holy love, and by and by they were betrothed.

One day Chester left the western mansion, from which he expected to be absent a week. He intended to go to Fort Laramie, there to purchase some coveted articles for his soon-to-be bride. The journey promised to be a long and perilous one, and a young Indian accompanied him in the capacity of guide.

The evening succeeding Chester's departure was very beautiful, and Celeste strolled down to the edge of the timber to gather some of the flowers, which grew spontaneously and laden the air with a delightful perfume. After gathering many of the beautiful and delicate blossoms, she strolled into the wood, when she suddenly became bewildered amid the rapidly gathering shades of night.

Deeper and deeper into the dense timber went the poor girl, until wearied she sank down at the foot of a tree, where, after committing herself to the keeping of the all-seeing eye, she fell asleep.

Yes, gentle reader, in that wild wood, the abode of the panther, the fox and the terrible wolf, poor, lost Celeste slumbered, and dreamed of being in her cosy little chamber. Alarmed at her absence, her parents were searching for her, and, after shouting her loved name, and firing his rifle to guide her footsteps to him, Paul Thornton returned to comfort his tearful, fearful wife.

As the night wore on, the moon peeped over the eastern tree-tops, and her soft light shimmered down through the leafy boughs, fell gently upon the lost child. Still she slumbered on, with the gathered flowers for a pillow and the ground for a couch.

Suddenly throughout the wood resounded the heart-chilling howl of the gaunt western wolf, and it was almost immediately followed by the cry of the panther. Then the

owl and the fox joined the choir, and the forest seemed alive with wild animals.

But amid these dangers the maiden slept, while not an eye in her father's house was closed for a single moment. Presently the boughs above her bent beneath some living weight, and a huge panther looked down upon her. He lashed the branches with his tail, and displayed two rows of terrible teeth.

Moments flitted by, but still the beautiful animal remained upon the limb, looking down upon his lovely victim. He seemed in no great hurry to leap upon her, for was she not already in his power?

So deeply was the panther lost in contemplation that he did not hear the approach of moccasined feet, nor see the red hands that pointed the deadly rifle at his head. Noiselessly a savage chief had followed the animal from tree to tree, little suspecting the cause of his nocturnal prowl. A strange light beamed in the Indian's eyes when he noticed Celeste at the foot of the tree. His frame was visibly agitated, and he did not raise his rifle until he was wholly calm.

At last the panther prepared for the fatal spring. He crouched lower and lashed the branches with fearful fury. Then the red man glanced along his shining rifle-barrel, and a sharp report rang through the woods.

With an almost human cry the king of our western forests rolled from the limb. He alighted on his feet, and with another cry of pain, faced the Indian. In the dim light the chief's aim had not been true, and the shot, which tore away a portion of the animal's cheek, seemed but toadden him.

With the traditional bravery of his race the savage did not shun the encounter. He acted upon the offensive, desiring to bring the conflict to a speedy termination. He drew his hunting-knife and sprung upon the panther, which met him half-way.

The infuriated beast leaped upon his antagonist, and buried his teeth in the blanket, which protected his arm. The next moment the hunting-knife disappeared beneath the spotted skin; and tearing his loose, the Indian dashed him against a tree, at the foot of which he sunk in the quiverings of death.

The report of the rifle awakened Celeste, but she did not fully comprehend her peril until she was saved.

"The panther is dead," said the Indian, as he turned from his lifeless foe. "Little did Manomah think that the daughter of the pale-face was sleeping unguarded in the great wood."

"Yes; I am lost, Manomah," said Celeste,

her parents give her to him to love till he goes to the lodge of the Great Spirit, he will be happy."

Husband and wife could not but be surprised at this unexpected declaration of love, and it was some minutes before Paul could speak. He found that his reply would fire the indignation of the chief.

"The daughter of the pale-face is his no longer, Manomah. She is the promised bride of a white hunter."

The chief's head dropped upon his broad bosom, and silence filled the room.

"Then Manomah will go," he said, at last.

"Where is the white lily?"

"She is sleeping."

"Let Manomah look upon her face before he goes."

The voice of the chief was sad.

Paul stepped across the room, opened a door that led into Celeste's chamber, and beckoned Manomah to his side.

For several minutes the chief gazed upon the beautiful sleeper, and then said, as he stepped back with one lingering look.

"Tell her when she opens her eyes, that Manomah loved her. He will never forget her, the beautiful white lily. May she be happy with her pale-face lover. Manomah will wait for her in the warm lodge of the Manitou."

Sadly and slowly, with a crushed heart, the truly noble red-man turned away and left the house.

Two days later he was found on the bank of a stream, dead! In his hands was found the crushed bouquet upon which Celeste had pillow'd the night she was lost in the wood. He had taken his own life, preferring to die rather than live and see the woman he loved the bride of another.

Noble Manomah! *Requiescat in pace.*

Camp-Fire Yarns.

A Cool Hand.

"Now, lads," old Pete remarked, "don't git skeered at what's mebbe nothin' but a painter. I don't believe tar! Injuns, 'cos our fire arn't ter be seen from the outside.

Look to yer rifles and lie down, Billy'll let us know what it ar' pretty soon."

We preserved a dead silence, and obeyed his orders, all but the Englishman.

That individual preserved his seat upon his saddle with the most perfect coolness,



THE RED-SKIN'S REQUEST.

puffing away at a cigar, as quietly as if he was in Bond street.

"Git down, Sir John!" whispered the old hunter. "Git down abind yr saddle, man. If 'tar! Injuns you'll make a pretty mark for 'em."

"I think not," answered Sir John, laconically.

"Why, what in Halifax als the durned fool?" muttered old Pete, surprised.

"Mr.—ah—Wilkins—ah—you are uncivil," returned the Englishman, imperturbably.

"D'y'e want to git shot, man?" inquired Pete. "If you don't, stop smokin' and git down."

"But—ah—Wilkins—ah—you forget—ah—that your friend Mr. Wilson engaged with me to take me safe to Santa Fe. Now—ah—this little affair is his business not mine, and I have full—ah—confidence in his—ah—capacity to attend to such things without troubling me. I feel sleepy, Mr. Wilkins, and I think I shall make up my bed."

So saying this queer genius rose to his feet, as if nothing was the matter, and proceeded to move back his saddle to form a pillow.

Pete Wilkins looked at him in blank astonishment.

"Well, I am durned!" was all he could say.

Sir John Brown proceeded to spread out his blankets and an India-rubber poncho with perfect sang froid.

And nothing was heard of by Billy Wilson.

"Hark! what's that?" said old Pete, suddenly holding up his hand in caution.

The prairie was still as death, and the coyotes had stopped howling.

The coyote is a valuable sentinel for the lonely traveler on the prairie.

As long as he howls all is safe. When he stops, something is coming.

It may be only a wild beast, but it may also be a lurking Indian.

"Durn me if there ain't somethin' up," said the old hunter; "and what 'tar! I'm kerflumixed if I know."

"I think I know," remarked little Charley, quietly.

"You!" said Pete. "What does a youngster like you know of the plains?"

"Not much perhaps, Pete, but I've nothin' else to say."

"And what ar' it?"

"Don't you begin to hear somethin' like thunder, a long way off?"

The old hunter laid himself on the ground, and listened intently.

"Durn my karkidge if the youngster arn't right!" he suddenly exclaimed; "I know what 'tis now."

"It's the buffaloes moving—is it not?" asked Charley.

"I b'lieve you've hit it, lad, although an old mountain-man like me near puzzled."

At this moment Bill Wilson came in in some excitement.

"We'll have to saddle up durned quick, lads," said he; "git your traps up, and pack yer saddles."

"But how about *him*?" asked Pete, pointing to the sleeping baronet.

"Oh, he's got to wake up. I kin do a great deal, but I'm durned if I'm a-goin' to try and stop a drove of buffaloes."

"Who'll wake him?"

"I will." And the hunter proceeded to stir up Sir John, not too gently, with the butt of his rifle.

"Wake up, Sir John!" he cried; "we've got to git out of this ere. The fellers is almost saddled."

The sleepy Englishman rubbed his eyes.

"What's the matter, Wilson?"

"Only that about a hundred million buffaloes a-comin' right over here, and if you stay there much longer you'll be squashed flat like a pancake."

"But—ah—Mr. Wilson—you engaged—ah—"

"I never engaged to drive back a herd of buffaloes, Sir John," returned the other, decisively. "I arn't got time ter talk, for I must saddle up."

And Wilson turned away to imitate our example.

The dull, distant sound was now becoming plain, and we hurried up our task, expecting momentarily to have it cut short.

The English baronet slowly rose, and prepared to depart.

"I must say—ah—Mr. Wilson—ah—that I consider—ah—this waking a fellah up—ah—at this—ah—at time of night—ah—is deuced uncomfortable," said he, slowly, but folding his blankets as he spoke, dexterously enough, and strapping them to his saddle.

Indeed no man, not a maniac, could have listened to the dull thunder of feet that was now rapidly advancing, and not have felt convinced that flight was a matter of necessity.

Already we could see the moving mass loom through the night, and I judge they could not have been more than a hundred yards off.

But in such immense herds, the bison of North America are by no means so rapid that they can not be easily escaped, and before long, as we trotted away, we had left the noise behind us, and what remained was

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Then we dismounted, and led them up the side of the mound, which here sloped more gently down, although on the other three sides it was nearly perpendicular.

Then we were safe at last, and could look down at the passing herd without alarm.

Sir John Brown was the first of our party to compose himself to sleep, observing to Wilson:

"I suppose—ah—Wilson—ah—you can now attend to all your business for the night."

"Guess so, Sir John," answered the hunter.

"Then I must really make up my night's rest," returned the baronet, unsaddling as he spoke, and spreading out his couch on the top of the mound, in the most careful manner.

The rest of us were not very sorry to follow his example, for we were tired out; and before long the dull thunder of the passing herds were still mingled with our dreams.